

## BLOWN OFF THE BRIDGE, OR DID THE BOY SWIM?

Thrilling Romance of the Harlem River, With Youngest Star on Record.

UNIQUE STAGE SETTING.

The Stream, the Hallway and the Dismal Police Station Away Uptown.

The night was dark and stormy, the rain fell in sheets, the cruel north wind whistled over from the Bronx, the lightning and thunder, in accordance with their time-honored custom, flashed and rolled, and the waves of the angry Harlem River leapt high against the stone piers of the Third Avenue Bridge.

On that lofty structure battled a lonely wayfarer. The wind was in his teeth—there never was a lonely wayfarer who didn't find the wind in his teeth—but he kept bravely on, wrapping his scanty roundabout close to his shivering body and pulling his Tam o'Shanter over his forehead.

"A rough night," he muttered, scanning the Stygian horizon. "Down, you angry devil! I'll cheat you yet!" to the mounting waves.

"I must reach yonder Harlem shore ere dawn," he panted stoutly on.

'Twas a Hard Fight.

Midway of the bridge he paused to get a deep breath and cling to the iron structure. 'Twas a hard fight, but he would make it, and as a memory of his countryman, the late Marco Polo, who had battled against just as heavy odds, flashed through his brain he resumed the struggle.

But fate was against him. As he reached an opening in the railing the gale gained fresh fury and lifted his Tam o'Shanter from his brow, sending it spinning out into the blackness of the night. He threw up his arm to save it, and that gesture was his undoing. The storm had him in its clutches. His equilibrium left him as unceremoniously as the cap; he plumed, he spun like a Chinese top, and then he was hurled off the bridge as if he had been a dead leaf.

Discovered at Last.

Two hours later Policeman "Fudge" Hoffman was poking his nose into the hallways along East One Hundred and Sixteenth street, and at No. 251 he discovered a sleeper. "Some midnight prowler," he murmured, and swatted it with his nightstick whereupon there arose a shrill wail.

"Lemme alone," cried the awakened one. "I wanna go ter sleep," and when the officer flashed his electric lantern he found he was dealing with a tiny lad, from whose drenched garments a little pool had formed on the hallway floor, and in which he had been peacefully sleeping.

At the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station Policeman "Fudge" told Lieut. Thompson a strange story.

"This kid's got that Sindbad the Sailor guy whipped to a fine froth," he said. And then he recounted the tale of the battle against the raging elements on the bridge, the leap to what seemed certain death and a struggle in the waves.

And He Kept On Swimming.

"I sinked twice," said the youth, who gave his name as Salvatore Crassor, "but then I risen an' I began ter swim. I didn't know where I was goin', but I kept on. Pieces of wood an' things hit against me, but I kept swimmin', an' then I got ter the other side. That's all, but I'm cold an' I wanna drink o' water."

He got the water and some coffee and snickers heads, and the two coppers gave him a massage that warmed his small body. Then he was taken to the Harlem Hospital, where his frightened mother, Mrs. Anne Crassor, who lives at No. 33 One Hundred and Eighty street, claimed him to-day.

"The next time you run away I'll spank you good," she said. "You won't be in no fit condition for that May day parade. Thank the gentleman," indicating Policeman "Fudge" Hoffman. "Blowed off the bridge, hun? You come along home with me; you ain't got sense enough to keep out of the rain."

IN BOHEMIA.

The hit of "The Merry-Go-Round," now playing at the Cus Edwards Music Hall, is entitled "In Bohemia With You." It will be given with act Sunday's World, words and music complete. This music is by Gus Edwards, composer of "School Days" and composer of the music of "The Merry-Go-Round." Words by Paul West.

That's What.

How fine it is to feel  
You own an Automobile;  
How grand it is to visit country places;  
How happy you would be  
If you'd just try and see  
What fun it is to ride when fast the pace is.

How you would smile and blink  
And at your own self wink  
If you could buy an "Auto" at half price;  
But that's exactly what  
You can do upon the spot  
If you will read "The World" Ads. have to say.

## Blondes That Can Be Seen in the Dark Are Growing Scarce



## COURT HELD UP BY YOUNG WOMAN STENOGRAPHER

But When Judge Foster Threatened to Send Her to the Tombs She Wilted.

A pert little stenographer, Miss Agnes Catter, employed in the law department of the Western Union Telegraph Company, held up the proceedings of Judge Foster's part of General Sessions to-day for twenty minutes. Lawyers, the Court and even some of the jurors urged the young woman, who was a witness, to answer a question propounded by Assistant District Attorney Train. But she remained mum until Judge Foster threatened to send her to the Tombs.

She was a witness in the case of Victor Shanley, a lawyer on trial for forgery in the second degree. This is his second trial. After Miss Catter had taken the stand Mr. Train asked:

"Why did your cousin, the defendant's wife, leave the city at the time Shanley was first placed on trial?"

The little witness tossed her head and shut fast her lips.

Mr. Train repeated the question. Miss Catter's lips drew together until there was scarcely a line to mark them.

The young prosecutor, turning scarlet, tried a third time.

Then Judge Foster softly urged the witness to answer. She said she did not wish to answer in contempt of court.

Miss Catter smiled, and all eyes turned on the big clock above the bench.

There was no sound in the court room while the minutes were ticking to the fatal five, but at the crucial tick the girl spoke not.

Thereupon Judge Foster whirled the gavel and cried out to a court officer:

"Take this young lady to the Tombs."

Miss Catter sat up with a frightened start and turning scarlet nodded to Mr. Train and said slowly:

"My cousin left the city because she did not care to appear as a witness."

Then the trial went on.

Shanley was arrested several years ago charged with forging a satisfaction piece to a mortgage of a client and disposing of the mortgage. He fled to Philadelphia where he was arrested. His trial resulted in a disagreement.

COLUMBIA MAN IS CALLED A RAFFLES

W. W. Goelet, Who Married a California Society Girl, Held on Burglary Charges.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 1.—"Dr." W. W. Goelet, graduate of Columbia College and traveler, who was married to a young society woman of Oakland four months ago, is in the Berkeley city prison, charged with burglary of eight residences and apartment houses in Oakland and Berkeley. His name appeared on most of the hotel and apartment house registers as D. E. Wythe, an alias he acknowledged.

The Berkeley police had him under suspicion for the last two weeks, and by visiting the places robbed have obtained evidence that they believe will hold him on several charges.

Goelet's methods, according to the police, were to engage rooms in high-class hotels and apartment-houses, then plunder right and left. Some time ago he travelled with Benjamin Pay Mills, the pupil lecturer, as Mills' private secretary. Goelet was compelled to leave Los Angeles under a cloud of charges of theft. He had also been secretary for Dr. Biddewell, a noted evangelist.

The prisoner is thirty-five years old and is a native of Virginia. His parents, it is said, live in Washington, D. C. He was in the Spanish war, serving in the hospital corps in Cuba.

## BLONDES GONE TO JOIN 'ANGELS,' SO IT SEEMS

At Any Rate, the Kind You Can See in the Dark Are Scarcer.

GOOD NEWS FOR WIVES

For It's Usually a Blonde Hair on Hubby's Coat That Most Stirs Their Ire.

They were coming down town in a street car. The shade of her strawberry blonde frock warred with the young man's violet at her corsage. Also, as the young man swung from a strap above them the woman seated beside her realized that this was not the only war between them. The other war was a battle of words, and the battle was about blondes. It began this way:

"Peggy," she overheard him ask, "what has become of the blondes?"

"What blondes?" she repeated lolly her soft blue eyes flashing suddenly and her tone one of vast indifference and contempt.

"Ah! he crowed triumphantly: 'You see you have said it! The instant a man says 'blonde' a woman stiffens and points like a setter pup. The very word drops innuendoes as an oak drops acorns. But we will let that pass for the moment. The point is now. What has become of them?"

"Acorns? Oaks? Better pups?" panted Peggy in bewilderment.

"Stick to the blondes."

"Blondes, woman blondes!" he reiterated. "And it might be remarked in passing that in all probability you and your sisters would be more successful in the business world if it was possible for your minds to adhere to the main issue. Let me again remind you that we were speaking of blondes (grown-up ones—woman ones). I, some-thing in advance, as usual, of the march of civilization, have discovered that the market is remarkably short."

"You don't think any one is trying to corner it, do you?" giggled Peggy. "Come to think of it, that must have been what that man was trying to do on the park bench the other night; but then—he only had one of 'em."

"No, that is ridiculous," Peggy sub- sided for the blink of an eyelash. "It would not be nearly as queer if they were somewhere—simply mislaid, so to speak—but my impression is that they are becoming extinct."

"Gone to join the angels," hummed the girl, with a sudden wicked contraction of the left eyelid.

"Which remark from you brings us to 'Exhibit B'?" the young man continued. "Why is it always a blonde who breaks up the home? Why, since matrimony, has been a blonde hair? That is discovered on the husband's coat? Why is I saw you dining with a blonde last night, anonymous with an impeachment? Does a blond head necessarily wilt more readily on the masculine shoulder?"

"None," said Peggy, with conviction. "But you can see it better in the dark." "Horrid theory," said the young man. "That's a theory, it's a reason." Then with sudden malice she looked up at him. "Pretty black crowd-head," she chirped. "Aren't you glad you have it?"

Means Happier Homes.

The young man stared. Peggy glittered. Then they both looked at each other and laughed again. Then they looked away and laughed again, this time softly reminiscently.

"Hopeless One, you are flippant," he chided. "Do you realize the conclusion of tremendous import to which my research has led me?"

Peggy's interest seemed to return. "There is a conclusion, then?" she hazarded.

"Draw your own," he returned. "Mine is that the holy state of matrimony is to become a happier condition in the future."

"How do you dope it?" Peggy asked, taking a short cut through her English language, such was her hurry to get there.

"You will acknowledge," he said, "that matrimony is a state of infidelity induced through jealousy. Likelihood you will doubtless be willing to admit that ninety per cent. of that same jealousy is caused by blondes. If the sum total of blondes is steadily on the decrease, it naturally follows that one of the principal causes of strife between man and his helpmate bids fair to abate. Remove the cause and the sickness is no more."

"It sounds slaughterous to me," said Peggy, deluged with besides, what makes you think that blondes are dying out?"

"O my goodness!" said he, out of all patience. "Use your eyes!"

FAIRBANKS GOING TO CANADIAN CELEBRATION.

WASHINGTON, May 1.—Vice-President Fairbanks will officially represent the United States at the Canadian celebration during the visit there of the Prince of Wales, July 22 to 23, on the occasion of the celebration of the 30th anniversary of the arrival of Champlain, the first European to reach the city.

Government officials will be represented at the ceremonies by a staff of war, which probably will be the new flag of the United States, under command of Capt. Winslow.

ASHORE ON ROMER SHOAL.

Schooner's Crew Refused to Be Taken Off by Life-Savers.

The mackerel schooner Thomas A. Cronwell, of Boston, with a cargo of fish, grounded on Romer Shoal this morning. An unsuccessful attempt was made by the tug Reliance to get her off. The Sandy Hook life-savers went out and offered to take off the crew, but the vessel was apparently water tight and the men decided to remain on board and await the arrival of a wrecking steamer, which has been sent for. It is hoped that the vessel can be got off to-night.

## American Countess Whose Husband Seeks Separation



GIZYCKI'S BRIDE MAY COME HERE TO SEEK DIVORCE

American Countess Said to Wish Freedom in Order to Marry Englishman.

VIENNA, May 1.—Countess Gizycki (who was Miss Eleanor Patterson, daughter of Robert W. Patterson of the Chicago Tribune) intends to marry an English statesman, it is reported here. For this purpose she probably will try to obtain a divorce from Count Joseph Gizycki in America, as the obstacles to her getting a decree in any country in Europe are almost insuperable.

The difficulties between the Count and Countess reached an acute stage two months ago. Early in March the Countess was staying at the Hotel Savoy, in London, and while there passed her baby daughter somewhere in the country.

Determined to find the child the Count hired detectives to "shadow" the Countess. In following her about they located the little girl in a cottage in Hampton Hill, a suburb of London, where the baby was in the care of a country woman.

He Hides Daughter.

About the middle of March a reconciliation was effected while the Count and Countess were in Paris, but it proved only temporary. As soon as the Count saw that a rupture was again imminent he resolved to gain possession of his daughter, and hurried to England, where he took the child from its temporary home. He accomplished this without difficulty.

The Countess, who is devotedly fond of the baby girl, was furious when she discovered what her husband had done, and immediately employed detectives to trace the little one. But they failed utterly.

During the recent negotiations of the lawyers representing the Count and the Countess, arrangements were made for the mother to see her daughter last Monday in a house near Vienna. The Countess arrived in an automobile at the house, at two o'clock, the appointed hour, but the child was not there. Declining to wait, the angry Countess rode away.

Tell of Foiled Plot.

Representatives of the Count, who had been warned to take every precaution against a plot, inspected the roads leading to the house most carefully and saw two waiting automobiles, containing six men.

Later, when the child reached the house, the greatest possible care was taken to guard against surprise, the suspicions of the waiters having been keenly aroused. The child was seen in the house three hours, in the belief that the Countess might return, but when she failed to appear, the little girl was finally taken away through a back gateway and again hidden in the country.

The fiasco of the meeting arranged for between mother and daughter has led to unpleasantness between the opposing lawyers. After an exchange of intimations of bad faith, the lawyers separated in a distinctly unfriendly manner. The next day the Countess's lawyer returned to Paris.

It is expected that no further step will be taken until Monday, when the Countess's brother, Joseph Medill Patterson, will arrive and take charge of her unfortunate affairs.

A Long Campaign.

(From the Louisville Courier-Journal.)

"Madam, you've been looking over our goods every day for a month. Don't you ever buy anything?"

"Sir, I have merely started my Christmas shopping."

ON

THE WAS LEFT TRUCK, BUT TOOK AWAY THE HORSE

Carried Away Load of Silk and Then Came Back for the Animal.

Twice within the last twenty-four hours M. H. Rogers, a jobber in upholsteries at No. 183 Canal street, has got trace of the pier thieves who walked off yesterday with his truck horse, his truck and \$1,000 worth of silk in bales. Now, having recaptured the truck and the harness and giving up all hope of getting the silks, Mr. Rogers is offering a reward of \$50 for the return of the horse and no questions asked. The horse, Frank by name, is a black gelding that has been working for the concern so long that he is generally regarded as a member of the firm.

Mr. Rogers's driver, William Schenck, had been going about the North River picking up scattered consignments. He went into the pier shed of pier 15 to get a permit that would admit him to the freight sheds and when he came out the whole outfit was gone.

Late in the afternoon a bearded east side peddler ran into the Rogers establishment waving a strange scribble on a piece of paper and demanding much money. It developed that a truck had run down his push cart at Chrystie and Livingston streets and spread its contents of fruit and vegetables around regardless.

Whereupon the peddler had seized the horse by the bridle and refused to let go until his claim for damages was satisfied. The driver of the truck had given him a piece of paper telling him to take it to the Rogers company and he would get his money. For proof of his sincerity the driver had shown the peddler the name of Rogers on the side of the truck. The truck was empty by that time, according to the peddler.

At 7 o'clock last night came the second bulletin. The watchman of the Consolidated Gas Company's plant at Twenty-ninth street and Avenue A telephoned that a horse and truck, evidently belonging to Rogers, had been left in the street near the gas works, by the time Mr. Rogers and his driver reached Avenue A the thieves had come back, unhitched Frank and taken him away.

Not Her Food.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

"You know," said the dreamy youth, "they say music is the food of love."

"That's what you snorted the flange of the subway girl," my love prefers lobster, frisky water and other expensive fodder."

Twentieth Century Cleanliness

In years gone by soap and water were considered the only requisites for a clean and healthy home.

Since then science has exploded this theory and proven that if you don't disinfect your home cannot be clean or healthy.

It is just as necessary to add a disinfectant to your cleaning water, to use it about the house generally and to pour it into sinks and toilets, as it is to use it in the sick room.

For this purpose the best preparation is CN Disinfectant, as it is non-poisonous and will keep your home fresh and sweet and free from insects.

The Non-Poisonous Antiseptic.

All Drug Stores

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WEST DISINFECTING CO. (Inc.)

## SPECIAL MASS AT CATHEDRAL ENDS CHURCH JUBILEE

Bishop Colton, of Buffalo, Conducts Services of Sacred Heart.

FIFTY STUDENTS SING.

Archbishop Farley Sits on Throne in Absence of Cardinal.

The last of the religious exercises which have been held all this week in celebration of the Centennial of the founding of the Catholic Diocese of New York took place at the Cathedral to-day, when the Right Reverend Charles H. Colton, Bishop of Buffalo, celebrated the solemn pontifical votive mass of the Sacred Heart. Archbishop Farley sat on the throne which has been occupied by Cardinal Logans, the latter being absent from the sanctuary during the mass.

The office was packed when the professional started at 10 o'clock. One hundred and fifty students of the Cathedral College sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," in the procession, and were followed toward the altar by Bishop Colton, the assistant priest at the mass, the Very Reverend Monsignor Thomas Thayer, the deacon, Rev. James N. Connelly, the subdeacon, the Rev. Thomas P. Myran, the Rev. J. J. Byrne, master of ceremonies, and fifty altar boys, acolytes and cross bearers and thirty priests.

The noted Jesuit, the Rev. William O'Brien Parlow, S. J., pastor of St. Lawrence's church, at Eighty-fourth street and Park avenue, preached the sermon. He took as his text the fourth of the twelfth verses of the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John, opening with the fourth verse:

"I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abides in me and I in him, the same abides much fruit; without me ye can do nothing."

He closed with the twelfth verse: "This is my commandment, that ye love one another."

In his sermon Father Parlow reminded his hearers that behind all things lies the impelling and compelling force without which nothing can be accomplished.

ESCAPES FRENCH JAIL TERM FOR AUTOMOBILE KILLING.

PARIS, May 1.—On Oct. 10 of last year Charles P. Baird, of Philadelphia, ran down and killed a boy at Neuilly, while driving a high-powered automobile. He was subsequently sentenced to a month's imprisonment, and had a fine of \$10. Today the full sentence was suspended under the First Offender Act, but Mr. Baird's fine was increased to \$120. Mr. Baird must also pay \$2,000 damages.

Dangerous Talk.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

"Mother," said little Elsie. "Mrs. Roosevelt is the first lady in the land, isn't she?"

"Yes, dear," whispered her mother, "but for goodness sake don't let Bridget hear you say it!"

A BOON TO MEN WHO DESIRE FASHIONABLE DRESS.

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2,000,000 QUARTS

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Because in the first place it is a better (richer) milk than the average.

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